per apricum et solem, to the river, got a boat, and let ourselves glide gently down it in all its windings for about six miles. Then we crossed the forest eight miles, six of which were luckily in complete shade, and got home and made a delightful repast under our *berceau* in the garden, in the true *far niente* style.

But you have forbid my making your mouth water by my descriptions or saying anything about Fontainebleau. Yet how can I avoid talking of my exile—my hermitage ? Cicero would think and talk of nothing else but his. To be sure, I do not complain and blubber as he did, and I endeavour to make the most of *"my most filthy*

You must have had our great thunder-storm the day after we had it. I had no notion it was going any further, or so far, or else I would have begged it to take a message for you. It played about us, singeing our oaks and apple-trees and illuminating our rooms so long, that I could not suppose there was any viaticum left for a jaunt across the sea.

Barthélemy, it seems, told Eugenie that Trn-

guet, late minister of the marine, had always been an enemy of mine. I should not have suspected it, nor can I imagine why, unless it were from my